

A N
E L E G Y
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F

Mr. *Alexander Pope.*

BEING
An IMITATION of the NINTH ELEGY
in the THIRD BOOK of *OVID.*

*Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.*

VIRGIL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-Mall*,
and Sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1744.

[Price Six-Pence.]

FILED

DEATH

Mr. [Name]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]

[Faint text line]



A N

E L E G Y

ON THE

DEATH of Mr. *POPE*.

TF e'er soft Numbers grac'd the Royal Hearse,
And Kings were wept in *Elegiack* Verse;
Say, shall the Sov'raign of the Nine expire,
And want a Bard to tune the pious Lyre?
The honest Task be to my Care assign'd, 5
Thus let me vent the Anguish of my Mind;
True Sorrow melts, tho' unadorn'd by Art,
When the warm Passion gushes from the Heart;
These streaming Eyes a moving Language speak,
And Sighs prevail where Eloquence is weak. 10
Resound our Sorrows to th'extremest Shore,
For *POPE* is Dead----and HARMONY's no more!

Each

Each trembling GRACE soon caught the quick Alarm,
And ev'ry MUSE has lost the Pow'r to charm!

Behold his Friends, a chosen faithful Band, 15
Around his Couch in tragick order stand!
Their honest Tears unbid by Int'rest flow,
Debts which the Virtuous to the Virtuous owe.
Remove yon Vail, and view a Sight more dread
Than all the Fables of the *Gorgon's* Head; 20
See the Delight of ev'ry honest Mind,
Friend to the Good, and Lover of Mankind,
The Villain's Scourge, the Darling of the Wife,
Clay-cold his Hand, and clos'd his dark'ning Eyes.
He sleeps, oh wake him, and our Grievs restrain! 25
Alas, he's gone! and ev'ry Care is vain.

Death tho' the Victor, shall not triumph long
O'er Worth departed, and the Force of Song;
His matchless Numbers, on the Wings of Fame,
From Pole to Pole shall stretch the glorious Name, 30
Thro' ev'ry Clime diffusing Fragrance, bloom,
Survive Detraction, and elude the Tomb.

The

The virtuous Matron o'er his Grave shall mourn,
 And tender Virgins stain with Tears the Urn,
 The Sage, who long the Agony withstood,
 At length shall soften in a generous Flood;
 Then, shall thy Sr. JOHN's throbbing Heart deny
 To pour the Tribute of the wat'ry Eye
 Or KING disdain a pious Pray'r to lend,
 And only then with Grief behold a Friend
 Or WARBURTON the friendly Task refuse
 To weep his Fate, and vindicate his Muse.

Methinks a Vision glads my aking Sight,
 An op'ning Cloud reveals her golden Light ;
 Enthron'd he sits, and seeks those happier Plains, 45
 Where Peace resides, and heav'nly Comfort reigns :
 There his lov'd GAY with Palms unfading crown'd,
 A soft Retreat from Courts and Envy found ;
 And that great Shade bedeck'd with beaming Rays,
 Around whose Mitre, twin Parnassian Bays, 50
 With graceful Motion points the blissful Way,
 Where Virtue brightens in the Blaze of Day.

Light

Light lye the Turf that shrouds his cold Remains,
 And the pale Lilly silver all the Plains;
 And tho' the Honours of his hallow'd Shrine,
 Disdain a Verse so poor and weak as mine,
 Yet shall the Numbers to the World proclaim,
 How much I lov'd and doated on the Name;
 Nor Time, nor Place, shall different Thoughts impart,
 While Life's warm Motion circles round my Heart;
 Careless alike of Censure, and of Praise,
 Grief fill'd my Breast, and Sorrow tun'd my Lays.

F I N I S.



